



SAMUEL BUTLER.

J. Roberts del. & Sculp. 1777.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 1st 1777.



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SEVENTH EDITION.
 THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN,
 COMPLETE FROM
 CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL.



BUTLER VOLUME I.
 Thus clad and forth ye Sir Knight
 From peaceful home far forth to fight.
Butler's Hudibras

Mortimer del.

Edwards fecit.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1777.



THE *Gal 11 Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM

THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you must know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did but honour.....HUD. AT COURT.

But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM

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Now you must know Sir Butler
With such perfection given
And so peculiar in his manner
That all true law himself
But since his Works
And moulding his bones
The Reader is desired to look
For his achievements in his Book
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

HUD. A. COURT.
HUD. A. ETTARD.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE GOSWELL PRESS, BY THE MARRIAGE.

June 1777.

TO THE READER.
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

BRITISH



IN THE
MUSEUM
Which is the property of His Majesty

FROM THE TEXT OF NICH. GREG, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

EDINBURG:

AT THE GOSWELL HOUSE, BY THE MARRIAGE.

AND 1777.

TO THE READER.

Poeta nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our Author wittily invokes;

Which made them, tho' it were in spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are *rare aves in terris*, so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth: and our Author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius;
or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

The Author of this celebrated Poem was of this last composition; for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it

may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his Reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, He must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our Author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable Poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it.—However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such [anonymous] authors, whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning, I have been desired to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his *Athena Oxonienses*, concerning him.

THE LIFE OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free-school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went afterwards, for some little time, to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our Author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-croom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived, some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry, to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting; and I have seen some pictures said to be of his drawing, which

remained in that family; which I mention not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which, also he was afterwards intirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elisabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse, also, with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our Author lived some time, also, with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal Poem. For though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a Knight so notorious, both in his person and politics, yet, by the rule of Contraries, one may observe, throughout his whole Poem, that he was most orthodox both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the restoration of King Charles II. those who were at the helm minding money more than merit,

our Author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

*Hand facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi:-----*

And being endued with that innate modesty which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts, he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: she had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported, by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the university of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him than that Mæcenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was

a signal instance, as several others have been who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish, as Mr. Cowley expresseth in

From the great vulgar, or the small.

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend, Mr. Longueville², of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And, since he has no monument yet set up for him[†], give me leave to borrow his epitaph

“ Mr. W. Longueville would fain have buried Butler
“ in Westminster-Abbey, and spoke, in that view, to some
“ of those wealthy persons who had admired him so much
“ in his life-time, offering to pay his part; but none of
“ them would contribute. Upon which Mr. Longueville bu-
“ ried him with the greatest privacy (but at the same time
“ very decently) in Covent-Garden church-yard, at his own
“ expence; himself and seven or eight persons more fol-
“ lowing the corpse to the grave.” (*Hudibras's Life, Gen.
Hist. Diet.* vol. VI. p. 299. marg. note.) And I will beg leave
to add, that the Burial Service was read over him by the
learned and pious Dr. Patrick, (afterwards Lord Bishop of
Ely) then minister of the parish.

† This is a mistake. A monument was erected to the memory of Butler in 1722, by Mr. John Barber, citizen of London; and the original inscription thereon, in Latin, with a translation, will be found at the close of this life of Butler.

from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me :

And though no monument can claim

To be the treas'rer of thy name ;

THIS WORK, which ne'er will die, shall be

An everlasting monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant as not to know, that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state who, in the late Rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of governments; destroyed the best of Churches, that hypocitify, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not see*, so those who are not resolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their further satisfaction, to the histories of Mr. Fowles of *Presbytery*, and Mr. Walker of *Independency*; but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person that his general characters are not fictitious; and I could heartily wish these names were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being seve-

ral particular persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, we have thought fit to do right to their memories; and, for the better information of the less learned readers, to explain their characters in some additional Annotations.

How often the imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called *The Second Part of Hudibras*, which is reflected upon by our Author under the character of Whachum, towards the latter-end of his Second Part. Afterwards came out *The Dutch and Scotch Hudibras**, *Butler's Ghost*, *The Occasional Hypocrite*, and some others of the same nature, which, compared with this, *Virgil's Travesty* excepted, deserve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin; but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following Similes I have heard were done by the learned Dr. Harmer, once Greek Professor at Oxon:

So learned Taliacotius, from, &c.

Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, doctâ secuit Taliacotius arte,

* Mayst thou print H---, or some duller ass,
Jorden, or him that wrote Dutch Hudibras.

Oldham, upon a printer that had exposed him, by printing a piece. *Works*, p. 261.

Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem.
 At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum
 Una sympathicum cœpit tabescere rostrum.

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic hypocondriacis inclusa meatibus aura
 Desinet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum :
 Sed si summa petat, montisq; invaserit arcem,
 Divinus furor est, et conscia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant, &c.

Sic legum mystæ, ne forsan pax foret, Ursam
 Inter furantem sese, actoremque Molossum;
 Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt,
 Luctantesque canes coxis femorisque revellunt.
 Errores justasque moras obtendere certi,
 Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
 Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,
 Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
 Ejâ! agite, O cives! iterumque in prælia tradunt.

There are some verses which, for reasons of state, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first impression; as these which follow :

Did not the learned Glyn and Maynard†,
 To make good subjects traitors, strain hard?*

* Serjeant Glyn declared, that the protestation of the Bishops (in favour of their rights) was high treason. Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. II. p. 276. He acted as judge during O. Cromwell's usurpation. See Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. III. p. 332.

† Serjeant Maynard was a manager at the Earl of Strafford's trial; Echard, vol. II. p. 216.; and though, upon the declaration of No more Addresses to the King, 1647, -8, he

*Was not the King, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor through the nation?**

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your further curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains*† which are in the custody of Mr. Longueville; but not

drew up a famous argument against that declaration, shewing that, by that resolution, they did, as far as in them lay, dissolve the Parliament, and he knew not after that with what security, in point of law, they could meet together, and join with them, Echard, vol. II. p. 595.; yet he condescended, during the usurpation, to act as Cromwell's Serjeant. When he waited on the Prince of Orange, with the men of the law, he was then near ninety, and said (as Bp. Burnet observes, *History of his own Time*, vol. II. p. 803.) the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The Prince took notice of his great age, and said "that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time." He answered, "He had like to have outlived the Law, if his Highness had not come over." If that had happened, he had certainly outlived it twice. He was very eminent in his profession, and made more of it than any one of his time. Mr. Whitelocke observes (in his *Memorial*) that he made 700 l. in one summer's circuit: and to his great gains in his profession Mr. Oldham alludes, (see a *Satire*, *Oldham's Poems*, 1703, p. 424.

Then be advis'd, the slighted Muse for sake,
And Cook and Dalton for thy study take;
For fees each term sweat in the crowded Hall,
And there for charters and crack'd titles bawl;
Where M—d thieves, and pockets more each year,
Than forty Laureats on a theatre.

* Alluding to the vote of the Parliament upon the King's escape from Hampton Court, Nov. 11, 1647, (though he had left his reasons for so doing in a letter to the Parliament, and another to the General,) "That it should be confiscation of estate, and loss of life without mercy, to any one who detained the King's person, without revealing it to the two Houses." Echard's *History of England*, vol. II. p. 588.

† These *Golden Remains* are to be found in volume Third, verbatim from Mr. Thyer's edition of 1759, printed from the manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Longueville.

having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures me he had from the Author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Rus to reconcile:
For where there is no store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health,
Spain, in America, had two designs,
To sell their gospel for their mines.
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's; the one entitled *Mala Afuaria*: or, *The Unreasonable and Insupportable Burden pressed upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one sheet quarto. The other, *Two Letters*; one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other Pryn's Answer; in three sheets in folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem, of one sheet in quarto, on *Du Vall**, a notorious highwayman, said to be wrote by our Author, but how truly I know not.

* See this poem in the Third volume.—It is observed by Mr. Thyer, that this is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*. It was published under the Author's own name in the 1671.

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiae in agro Wigorn. nat. 1612.
Obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acce. integer;
Operibus ingenii, non item praemiis, faelix;
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Quo simulatae religionis larvam detraxit,
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.
Ne, cui vivo deerrant fere omnia,

Decesset etiam mortuo tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.

Which is thus translated by the author of West-
monasterium, in tom. I. p. 79.

Sacred to the memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born at Strensham in Worcestershire, 1612.
And died at London, 1680.
A man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity,
Peculiarly happy in his writings,
Not so in the encouragement of them:
The curious inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us
By which he pluck'd the mask from pious Hypocrites,
And plentifully exposed the villany of Rebels:
The first and last of writers in his way.
Lest he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,
Should (when dead) want likewise a monument,
John Barber, citizen of London, hath taken care,
By placing this stone over him, 1721.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

The Argument.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;

Y. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1764, to *civil fury*; (whether for the better or worse the reader must be left to judge.) Thus it stood in edit. of 1684, 1689, 1694, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was restored in the edition of 1704, and has continued so ever since.

Y. 2.] It may be justly said *They knew not why*; since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

Y. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded; 10
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.
 A wight he was, whose very sight would 15
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Kight Worshipful on shoulder-blade; 20
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;

y. 11, 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

y. 13.] Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kind of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

y. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The succeeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces; but here the Poet seems impatient till he get into the description and character of his hero.

y. 17, 18.] i. e. He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

Great on the bench, great in the saddle;
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these;
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace;
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water)
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But, howsoe'er they make a pothee,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write).
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;

[V. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

Unless on holy-days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do
 Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd;
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;

[v. 55, 56.] This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages there, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

[v. 62.] Here, again, is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly so he was, perhaps,

Not as a profelyte, but for claps,

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly so perhaps he was,

'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

Restored in the edition of 1704.

On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl;
 And that a lord may be an owl;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not open
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,

ψ. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) a malignant psalm.

lb.—] Lord Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more Addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, That the town of Chelmsford in Essex was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

ψ. 76.] In the several counties, especially the Associated ones, (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgehire), which sided with the Parliament, committees were erected of such men as were for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had authority from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

H' had hard words ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools;
 But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect;
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on fattin;
 It had an old promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;

y. 109.] The Presbyterians coined a great number, such
 as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out,
 Gospel-waking-times, &c. which we shall meet with here-

Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra;
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed 'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith:

after, in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others,
 in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John
 Birkenhead.

y. 115.] This and the three following lines not in the two
 first editions of 1664, but added in the edit. 1674. Demost-
 enes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech:

y. 120.] An eminent Danish mathematician.

lb. —] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those
 times.

y. 129. This and the following line not in the two first
 editions of 1664, and first inserted in that of 1674.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go;
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong;
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell,
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly:
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;

ψ. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquire*, in all editions to 1689, inclus.
 ψ. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, so called; he was
 an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about
 the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-
 divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deep-
 ly read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is,
 the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be re-
 sisted.

A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce :
 Profound in all the Nominal 155
 And Real ways beyond them all :

¶ 153, 154. *Dunce*.] Thus they stood in the two first editions of 1664, left out in those of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not restored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunscotus* : Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reason, also, that an old punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

¶ 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

For he a rope of sand could twist,
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full; 160
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again; 170
 Altho' by woeful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
 Below the moon, or else above it;
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side;
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By a high Dutch interpreter; 180

[V. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued
 till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

If either of them had a navel;
 Who first made music malleable;
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:
 All this, without a gloss or comment, 185
 He could unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.
 For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit; 190
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon 195
 The holy text of pike and gun;

ψ. 181.] Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

ψ. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a Reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish. Whether the Poet has been just in the portrait must be left to every reader's observation.

ψ. 193, 194.] Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was shed to get it established in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

ψ. 195, 196.] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when

Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation;
 A godly, thorough Reformation;
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended:
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and spleenetick,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way;

he carried away the King. by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, He should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir, (said the Cornet) are my instructions."

Y. 199, 200.] Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy*.

Y. 207, 208.] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

Y. 213, 214.] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day, and

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite:
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for: 220
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow:
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin:
 Rather than fail, they will defy 225
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were afs and widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

ψ. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

ψ. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have con-

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward;
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus. 240
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile;
 The upper part whereof was whey, 245
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government, 250
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the State's were made:
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue;
 Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255
 To wait upon the public downfall;
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow;
 sciences of the self-same temper, "To strain at a gnat, and
 swallow a camel."

ψ. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques's description of the Country Justice, in Shakespeare's play, *As you like it*. It may be asked, Why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King; hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

ψ. 257. It was monastic.] Altered to *canonic*, 1674. Restored 1704.

Of rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordeliers:
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom, with resolution;
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as Monarchy should last;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state,
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius, from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,

Y. 281.] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A. D. 1553. and was Professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the Anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Notæ*. in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions.

Cut supplemental noses, which
 Wou'd last as long as parent-breech;
 But when the date of Noek was out,
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burthen, shew'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load:
 For as Æneas bore his fire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head for want of crupper:
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before,
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country house affords;
 With other victual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;

'To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own:
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood:
 For as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 'The ammunition to surprise;
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazin,
 They stoutly on defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood,
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
 And though knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough deserts vast,
 And regions desolate, they past,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
 Of their provision on record;
 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight.

V. 319.] This and the seven following lines are not in
 the two first editions of 1664, and added in that of 1674.

'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingal,
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights din'd; 340
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When laying by their swords and truncheons, 345
 They took their breakfasts, or their nunchcons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We shou'd forget where we digress;
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to the purpose come. 350
 His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
 With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both;
 In it he melted lead for bullets 355
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack:
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt;

For of the lower end two handfuls
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show his face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bold
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run;

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth;
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,

Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get;
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap:
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And ev'ry night stood centinelly
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force
 He got on th' outside of his horse
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short, h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,

It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd say eye, for h' had but one, 425
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt; 430
And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft, 435
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down. 440
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445
Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
"Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:

His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he wou'd hurt, 450
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse, 455
 The other wou'd not hang an arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half,
 Tho' writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one; 460
 And when we can, with metre safe,
 We'll call him so; if not, plain Raph;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses)
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
 The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,
 Did leave it with a castle fair
 To his great ancestor, her heir; 470
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights.

[457.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was always contriving some new quack-cut in church-government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. 'tis observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well 473
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind, 480
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token, 485
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath 490
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:

ψ. 485. *His wit were sent him.*] In all editions to 1704 inclusive.

ψ. 487. 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these nine-pences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love, and From my love; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

For saints themselves will sometimes be; 495
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
 He cou'd deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle: 500
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way,
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the Spirit, 505
 Which none see by but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon 515
 The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks, thro' hollow empty soul,
 As thro' a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear: 520

Y. 511. J Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was, probably,
 an Anabaptist or Dipper.

So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible 525
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal, 530
Whose primitive tradition reaches

As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;

And much of *Terra Incognita*, 535
Th' intelligible world, cou'd say;

A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,

Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd: 540

He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;

Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;

In Rosycrucian lore as learned, 545
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:

He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;

Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean; 550
 What member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry, Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise; 555
 For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
 By help of these (as he profess)
 He had First Matter seen undrest: 560
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
 And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd;
 Not that of Pasteboard, which men shew 565
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
 But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble: 570
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
 He could foretel whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass:

v. 573.] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of

As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood :
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;

Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk : " O
 " my good Lord God, I praise thee for discovering the last
 " week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great
 " armies about York, one of the malignant party about the
 " King, the other party Parliament and professors ; and the
 " better side should have help from Heaven against the worst ;
 " about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers
 " at York had raised up a sence against Hull, intending
 " to plant fifteen pieces against Hull ; against which fort Sir
 " John Hotham, Keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged
 " four great ordnance, and broke down their sence, and
 " killed divers Cavaliers in it.—Lord, I praise thee for dis-
 " covering this victory, at the instant of time that it was
 " done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her
 " drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected
 " three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her
 " against the dangerous times approaching ; but when she
 " had prayed to be established in faith in thee, then pre-
 " sently thou didst, by this vision strongly possess her soul
 " that thine and our enemies should be overcome."

Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
 And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods: 599
 They'll question Mops, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach: 600
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
 Like him that took the doctor's billy,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be guess on, 605
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs, 610
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves; 615
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
 But not what wise, for only' of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,

No more than can the astrologians :
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd :
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sall'y'd at the gate.

Few miles on horseback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat :
But ere we venture to unfold

Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar ;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They 're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,

And force them, tho' it was in spite
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
 Who (as we find in fallen wits,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits) 650
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-infering friend;
 The itch of picture in the front, 655
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left o' th' Forked hill
 To make men scribble without skill;
 Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
 And teach all people to translate, 660
 Tho' out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech;
 Assist me but this once, I'mplere,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader;
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood. 670

ψ. 665. J Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Cant. iii. ψ. 695. &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And tho' you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

To this town people did repair
 On days of market or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hearfe tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour :
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together village rabble ;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting ;
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient here's in high price ;
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean game ;
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole dots make
 A circle, like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-out
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion

[v. 678.] This game is alluded to in the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures; and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil.

[v. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned loose: "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstreys, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." Dr. Plot's *Staffordshire*.

According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear,
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But let's them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:

We that are wisely mounted higher

y. 714.] This speech is set down as it was delivered by the Knight: in his own words: but since it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

Than constables in curule wit, 715
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Proletarian tything-men; 720

And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725
 The last does *coincidere*)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake 735
 For Covenant and the Cause's sake?

¶ 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the Constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least: "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels;" but they proceeded not so far as to name anybody; because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying, The power was too great for any man.

¶ 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which

But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears;
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented; 740
 There is a Machiavilian plot;
 (Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not)
 And deep design in't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother, 745
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane & angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 750

was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

lb.—*and Cause's sake.*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause; I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no god for me; but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause."

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
 To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause,
 Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws.

That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it,
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can heast have to encounter beast?
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
 Nor liberty of Consciences,
 Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
 To get them in their own hands;
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King;

Y. 765.] *Nor for free Liberty of Conscience.*] Thus the two first editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the subsequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse; *free liberty* being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

Y. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

Nor for the worship of us men,
 Tho' we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat, and some
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom. 775
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death; 780
 But no beast ever was so flight,
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They had more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so:
 But we, who only do infuse 785
 The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
 With man take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears;

From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.

To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.

First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word

In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing:

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

Thirdly, It is idolatrous;

For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,

No less than worshiping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For tho' the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
(For that Bear-baiting should appear

Jure divino lawfuller

Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this;
 For if by sly *homœofis*,
Tuffis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a fault,
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
 But Bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness;
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;

ψ. 831, 832.] These two lines left out in the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and restored 1704.

ψ. 851.] This and the following line thus altered 1674,

For what can Synods have at all,
 With Bear that's analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis*:
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both?
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for Bears as they;
 For we are animals no less,
 Altho' of diff'rent species.
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
 Nor time, to argue out the case:
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute:
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words;
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adequate

Thou canst at best but overstrain
 A paradox, and thy own brain.

Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700. Restored in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, &c.
 and the blunder continued, I believe, in all the editions to this time.

ψ. 860. *Include, &c.*] In the two first editions of 1663,

Comprehend them inclusive both.

ψ. 862. *As likely.*] In the two first editions.

To what our place and fame doth promise, 875
 And all the Godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd; unless
 We're slurr'd and outed by success;
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit: 880
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, w^e are steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons 885
 Of great and mighty resolutions;
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth;
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out,
 Which tho' they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example;
 We're not the only person durst 895
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
 And wound a Fiddler: we have both
 Of these the objects of our wroth, 900
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt, or victory to come.

'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd—

To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,

905

And in the same cause both have fought;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success:

910

Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

915

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So our's, with rusty steel did smite

His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;

920

But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did found,
And angry answer'd from behind,

With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.

So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,

925

While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen jade has stir'd.

y. 904.] The writers of the *General Historical Dictionary*, vol. VI. p. 291. imagine, "That the chasm here is to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight."

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so Romances are, for what else? 5
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight, 10
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze 15
To build a palace in the place)

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wife,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd :
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell 35
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert, 40
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight b'come the giant.
This b'ing profess'd, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
 Determin'd whether pace or trot;
 (That is to say, whether tallutation,
 As they do term't, or succussion)
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how;
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
 Mysterious light it was a trot:
 But let that pass; they now began
 To spur their living engines on:
 For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
 The learned hold, are animals;
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by Geometry,
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,
 They their live engines ply'd, not fraying
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain
 Which th' enemy did, then encamp on;
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
 Was to be, wagg'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren;
 Who now began to take the field,
 As Knight from ridge of fixed beheld.
 For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,

Much further off, much further he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All postures of the enemy:
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers and their order;
 That when their motions he had known;
 He might know how to fit his own.
 Mean while he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed:
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward;
 Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free's sword from retentive scabbard;
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,

y. 74. Rais'd on, &c.] From off, in the two first editions
 of 1664.

y. 83, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and steel without,

To give and to receive a rout.

y. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war;
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did; 100
 But far more in returning made;
 For now the foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able,
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer,
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 110
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)

ψ. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674.

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
 Than could b' expected from his speed.

Restored in 1704.

ψ. 101, 102.] *But with a great deal more return'd—
 For now the foe he had discern'd.* In the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 106.] So called, from *crowd*, a fiddle. This was one Jackson a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Round-heads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one ale-house to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue; for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would observe in this place, that we have the exact characters of the usual attendants at a bear-baiting fully drawn, and a catalogue of warriors, conformable to the practice of Epic poets.

about began and signed to it with oil

I should

A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 Just where the hangman does dispose;
 To special friends, the knot of noose:
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but soufe to chitterlings:
 For guts, some write, ere they are foddens;
 Are fit for music or for pudden;
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth;
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where vertuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king
 And ruler o'er the men of string,
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd)
 He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down,

140

Fij

And wounded sore: his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak;
 For when a ship in fight is crompt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for
 Wise conduct, and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the champion Bear, 150
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat:
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well, 160
 So lawyers, left the Bear defendant,
 And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
 Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,

ψ. 147. Next march'd brave Orfin.] Next follow'd, in the two first editions of 1664. Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden in Southwark. However, says Mr. Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament, ψ. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
 And when to bring him off as well.

Pell-mell, i. e. confusedly, without order.

To let them breathe a while, and then
 Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris:
 For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now,
 Until some splay-foot politicians
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licenſing a new invention
 They 'ad found out of an antique engin,
 To root out all the weeds, that grow
 In public gardens, at a blow,
 And leave th' herbs ſtanding: Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done! quoth Statesmen; Yes, an't pleaſe ye,
 When 'tis once known you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:
 But tho' of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted preſident,
 We ſuch loud muſic do not profeſs,
 The Devil's maſter of that office,

Where it must pass; if 't be a drain, and must tel o't
 He'll sign it with *Glen. Park. Dem. Com.*; *quod W. vii*
 To him apply yourselves, and he *non a volumo* 193
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee. *non a volumo*
 They did so, but it proved so ill, *non a volumo*
 They 'ad better let 'em grow there still, *non a volumo*
 But to resume what we discouraging *non a volumo*
 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin*; *non a volumo* 200
 That which so oft by sundry writers *non a volumo*
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters, *non a volumo*
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this *non a volumo*
 Than any other warrior, (*viz.*) *non a volumo*
 None ever acted both parts holdery, *non a volumo* 205
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier, *non a volumo*
 He was of great descent, and high *non a volumo*
 For splendour and antiquity, *non a volumo*
 And from celestial origine *non a volumo*
 Deriv'd himself in a right line; *non a volumo* 210
 Not as the ancient heroes did, *non a volumo*
 Who, that their base-births might be hid, *non a volumo*
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender, *non a volumo*
 And that they came in at a windore) *non a volumo*
 Made Jupiter himself, and others *non a volumo* 215
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers, *non a volumo*

ψ. 194.] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

ψ. 211.] This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

To get on them a race of champions; (Of which old Homer first made lampoons),
 Aristophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor;
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name;
 Learn'd he was in medicinal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
 That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd folder;
 By skilful chymist, with great cost,
 Extracted from a rotten post;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense;
 Tho' by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when slovens do amiss,
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong;
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude

Y. 238. *Unto the part, &c.] Unto the breech, in the two first editions 1664.*

Incomparable; and as the prince
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far
 Than half a hundred men of war;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
 With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
 Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
 Of rough impenetrable fur;
 And in his nose, like Indian king,
 He wore, for ornament, a ring;
 About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern target;
 Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth
 Which they do eat their vittles with.
 He was by birth, some authors write,
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
 Of whom we in Diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 As with their bodies ditches there.

Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws :
And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in's way. 280
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies 285
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orfin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a fav'd citizen; the one 290
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood;
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought; 300
 Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
 And, like a champion, shone with oil:
 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many fatherless, had made;
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote; 310
 And many a serpent of fell kind,
 With wings before and stings behind,
 Subdu'd; as poets say, long ago,
 Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
 Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)
 E'er sent so vast a colony
 To both the under-worlds as he; 320
 For he was of that noble trade
 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
 The trade to which they all were bred;

[Y. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards
 obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery
 at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

And is, like others, glorious when 325
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame ;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar, 335
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist ; 340
Nor cou'd the hardest ir'on hold out
Against his blows, but they wou'd through 't.

In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head ;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345
As English Merlin for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He cou'd transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier ; 350

Y. 331. J. Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs ; who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

As like the hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker, 355
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach. 360
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright 365
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him 370
In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forfook:

ψ 365.] The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trulla*.

Ib.] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called *Kentish Moll*, but more commonly *The German Princess*; a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671, but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
 And tho' some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame, 380
 That (spight of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride; 390
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that wou'd have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace, 395
 And rather took a country las;
 They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence

y. 382.] This and the three following lines not in the
 two first editions of 1664.

Volume I.

G

To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose;
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by that have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record.

The spright Cerdon next advanc't,
 Of all his race the valiant'st:
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side:
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him in Muses' deathless wit.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That thro' a bull-hide shield wou'd pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten years' war:

v. 409. Cerdon.] A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The Poet observes, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No: it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a Teacher; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of Bear-baiting.

For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town;
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
 They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to Reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and cou'd take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which being valiant,

ψ. 435.] Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," (says Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and published 1647. p. 1.) "This new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more) stalls into quires, shopboards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; on such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth; such a tailor expoundeth; such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—Do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is!" They are humourously girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformation precisely character'd*, by a modern Church-warden, p. 11. "Here are felt-makers (says he) who can roundly deal with the

He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like ram or bull at Conventicle:
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
 Right expert in command of horse,
 But cruel, and without remorse.
 That which of Centaur long ago 445
 Was said, and has been wrested to
 Some other knights, was true of this,
 He and his horse were of a piece;
 One spirit did inform them both,
 The self-same vigour, fury, wrath; 450
 Yet he was much the rougher part,
 And always had a harder heart,
 Altho' his horse had been of those
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:

“ blockheads and neutral dimicasters of the world; coblers
 “ who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle
 “ Scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash
 “ the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences
 “ of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for
 “ the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly over-run
 “ us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the
 “ shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically tread out
 “ the vicissitude of all sublunary things, till the web of our
 “ life be cut off: and here are mechanics, of my profession,
 “ who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of
 “ damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it
 “ out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they
 “ have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bot-
 “ tomed conclusion.”

Y. 447. Colon.] Ned Perry, an hostler.

Strange food for horse! and, yet, alas! 455
It may be true, for flesh is grass,
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in dog or neat. 460
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he 465
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful; 'till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side, 470
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led 475
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about, 480
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.

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Of east and western hemispheres.

From foreign parishes and regions,
 Of different manners, speech, religions,
 Came men and mastiffs; some to fight 485
 For fame and honour, some for fight.
 And now the field of death, the lists,
 Were enter'd by antagonists;
 And blood was ready to be broach'd,
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
 With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

What rage, O Citizens! what fury
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
 What æstrum, what phrenetic mood 495
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast
 And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
 What towns, what garrisons might you,
 With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain untriumphable fray?
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?

ψ. 503, 504.] Mr. Walker observes, "That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land, were united together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between them;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.

Then because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The Solemn League and Covenant
 Will seem a mere God-dam me rant,
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
 For as we make war for the King
 Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear, we do
 For God and for Religion too;
 For if Bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can Reformation do?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought:
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
 The prototype of Reformation,
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House
 Six Members' quarrel to espouse
 Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the Town
 Join throats to cry the Bishops down?

Y. 513, 514.] The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still, That they fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one; his political person, they said, must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.

Y. 530.] Good Lord (says the *True Informer*, p. 12.)

Who having round begirt the palace;
 (As once a month they do the gallows)
 As Members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
 Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away, to cry No Bishop;
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
 Botcher's left old cloaths in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the Church;
 Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
 Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House;
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
 A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No Surplices nor Service-book:
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to Reformation.

"what a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bishops' faces?
 "—what infamous ballads were sung? what a thick
 "cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them? so
 "far, that a dog with a black and white face was called
 "a Bishop."

ψ. 553; 554.] Those Bights, which seem most extravagant

And is this all? Is this the end 555
 To which these Carr'ings on did tend?
 Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
 For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560
 Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late?
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
 Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons; 565
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men, as soon 570
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
 The Brethrens' off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
 So say the Wicked—and will you
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,

in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The
 Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their
 petition against the Common Prayer-book thus:—"We men,
 " women, and children, and servants, having considered,
 " &c." *Foulis's Hist. of Wicked Plots.*

By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580
 Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sin' ster;
 F' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Min' ster?
 Have they invented tones to win 485
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female?
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590

ψ. 589.] It was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. "Oh, my good Lord God, (says Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.) I hear the King hath let up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London.—Look thou upon them, take their cause into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause of thy Saints, the cause in hand—it is thy cause, Lord. We know that the King is misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian, and temporizing, rebellious, malignant faction and party, &c." "They would (says Dr. Echard) in their prayers and sermons tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for him, and to do, as it were, any kindness for the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail him: they should not be unmindful of his business; his work should not stand still, nor his designs be neglected. They must needs say, that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to the Almighty; but they did not much question but they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and, (as I may so say) civilities which they had received from him. Indeed, as for those that are weak in the Faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before him, and stand (as I may say) cap in hand to the Almighty: but as for those that are strong in all Gifts, and grown up in

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Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
 Told it the news o' th' last express,
 And after good or bad success
 Made prayers, not so like petitions
 As overtures and propositions,
 (Such as the Army did present
 To their Creator, the Parliament)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,

"all Grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the
 " Lord Jesus. it is comely enough to take a great chair,
 " and sit at the end of the table, and, with their cock'd hats
 " on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to
 " call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how af-
 " fairs stand; we have been very watchful since we were
 " last with thee; and they are in a very hopeful condition;
 " we hope that thou wilt not forget us; for we are very
 " thoughtful of thy concerns: we do somewhat long to
 " hear from thee; and if thou please to give us such a
 " thing (*Victory*) we shall be (as I may so say) good to thee
 " in something else when it lies in our way." See a re-
 markable Scotch Prayer much to the same purpose, *Scourge*,
 by Mr Lewis, No. XVI. p. 130. edit. 1717.

y. 602.] Alluding, probably, to their saucy expostulations
 with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's
 Church, near Temple-bar, used the following words: "O
 " Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while,
 " for all our frequent fasting: what dost thou mean, O
 " Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And
 one *Robinson*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25. 1642,
 expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God,
 " many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is
 " one God, it is thou thyself; O Father, who does us more
 " mischief than they all." They seem'd to encourage this
 sauciness in their public sermons. "Gather upon God,
 (says Mr. R. Harris, *Fast Sermon before the Commons*) and

Unless the Work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting Church and Common-weal
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the Saints were all a-gog,
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?
 The Parl'ament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
 To well-affected persons, down
 In ev'ry city and great town,
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen?
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the pill'ry rode?
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's service,
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore
 Each man of us to run before

"hold him to it as Jacob did; prest him with his precepts,
 "with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his
 "oath, till we do *δυσωπειν*, as some Greek Fathers boldly
 "speak: that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put
 "the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you would say,
 "to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

Another, still in Reformation
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet*, 630
 That each man swore to do his best
 To damn and perjure all the rest?
 And bid the Devil take the hin'most
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our bus'ness, to Reform 635
 The Church and State, is but a worm;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 T' an unknown Church discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand 640
 T' engage, and after understand?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow 645
 To do we know not what, nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be;
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *et ceteras*; 650
 Or the French League, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.

y. 651.] The Holy League in France, designed and made
 for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the ori-
 ginal of the League in England. H
 Volume I.

These slanders will be thrown upon
 The Cause and Work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong **655**
 Th' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
 Rather than Gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes,
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal : **660**
 In name of King and Parliament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen,
 And to those places straight repair **665**
 Where your respective dwellings are,
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief ; **670**
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,

ginal out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here
 was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully
 transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than
 the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast
 numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the mur-
 der of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend.
 And as our Covenanters swore every man to run one before
 another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in
 the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

ψ. 673, — 676.] The threatening punishment to the Fiddle,
 was much like the threats of the pragmatistical troopers to

Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought, To list no 675
 To condign punishment, as they ought. To quon no
 This must be done; and I would fain see: It shab wof
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay; To hlo hlo hlo O
 For then I'll take another course, To yds dndw dndw
 And soon reduce you all by force. To yds dndw dndw 680
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword, To hlo hlo hlo
 To shew he meant to keep his word. To yds dndw dndw

But Talgol, who had long suppress
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast, To yds dndw dndw
 Which now began to rage and burn as: To yds dndw dndw 685
 Implacably as flame in furnace, To yds dndw dndw
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched, To yds dndw dndw
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched; To yds dndw dndw

punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I.
 "I was driving (says he) into a town upon the 29th of May,
 "where my waggon was to dine; there came up in a great
 "rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered
 "there, and asked: "What I bushed out my horses for?"
 "I told them, "To drive flies away." But they said, I
 "was a Jacobite rascal, that my horses were guilty of high
 "treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged. — I answer-
 "ed, "It was already drawn, and within a yard or two of
 "being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a com-
 "pliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired
 "them to take it back again, and keep it in their own
 "hands, till they had an opportunity to make use of it." —
 "I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me
 "like thunder, stript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat
 "me black and blue with my own oak-branches."

y. 683, 684.] It may be asked, Why Talgol was the first in
 answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent up-
 on the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might
 then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him
 doth not infer the contrary; and his answer carries strong
 indications to justify the conjecture.

Thou tail of Worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow; 690
 How dar'st thou with that fullen luggage
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695
 T' oppose thy lumber against us?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might show? 700
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling Brethren?
 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
 No prize between those combatants 705
 O' th' times, the land and water-faints,
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not, for want of bus'ness, come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was there no felony, no larceny,
 Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?
 Y. 694. Is lam'd, and thr'd in *halting hither*.] Thus it
 stands in the two Irish editions of 1663.

No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose;
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the devil? 720
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee,
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration;
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 All parties and the common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee thither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in skull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones,
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the Knight grew high in wrath,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence, at length, these words broke out: 740

V. 732. *To keep within its lodging.* Edit. 1674, 1684,
 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored to the present reading 1704.

Was I for this entitled Sir,
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
 Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
 Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat;
 Not all thy magic to repair
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware, 750
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
 And stop the gangreen in stale pork;
 Not all that force that makes thee proud,
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
 Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
 And axes, made to hew down lives,
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
 For civil deed and military: 760
 Nor shall these words, of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,

ψ. 741.] Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment; an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

ψ. 752. Turn death of nature to thy work.] In the two first editions of 1664.

Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free;
 Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em, 763
 Like tainted beef; and pay dear for 'em;
 Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
 With gantlet blue and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That wou'd in Job or Grisel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
 And bending cock, he levell'd full
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
 Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder: 780
 But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

[v. 781.—783.] This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance: how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action, (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only—That the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty,

Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock;
Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,

that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

ψ. 784. *Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd to a stock.*] In edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

ψ. 787. *Smote the Knight.*] In the two editions of 1664.

ψ. 787, 788.

And he with rusty pistol held—

To take the blow on like a shield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored 1704.

ψ. 797. *But when his rugged sword was out.*] In the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 798. *Courageously.*] 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

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To guard his leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd it self againe;
 And tho' the sword (some understood) 805
 In force had much the odds of wood;
 'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd;
 Is so implacably engag'd; 810
 Tho' iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both knights were out of breath,
 Tis'd in the hot pursuits of death;
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a-getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One body, and that into one blow; 820
 But Talgol wisely avoided it
 By cunning slight; for had it hit
 The upper part of him, the blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below: 825
 Mean while the incomparable Colon,
 To aid his friend, began to fall on;
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two; 830

ψ. 825.

But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
 To aid the distres'd champion.

In the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 828, A fierce dispute.] 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
 While none that saw them cou'd divine
 To which side conquest would incline;
 Until Magnano, who did envy
 That two should with so many men vy,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force cou'd ne'er attain;
 For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where thistles grew on barren ground,
 In haste he drew his weapon out,
 And having cropp'd them from the root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
 The angry beast did straight resent
 The wrong done to his fundament,
 Began to kick, and sling, and wince,
 As if he 'ad been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle,
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
 Instead of which, he threw the pack,
 Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
 And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump

ψ. 844. *With prickles sharper than a nail.*] Edit. 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

ψ. 846. *And feel regret on fundament.*] In the two first editions of 1664.

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As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
 And sat on further side aloope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now
 By slight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
 And under him the Bear convey'd;
 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The Knight with all his weight fell down,
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong-Knight, from bruise or wound : 870
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt, our's far'd as well

ψ. 855. That stagger'd him.] Edit. 1674. to 1700, inclus.

ψ. 864. 865.] I would here observe the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his disappointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a goddess had interested herself on the side of his enemies, (agreeably to Homer and Virgil.) Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from future action; and, consequently, the battle would too soon have been determined: besides, we may observe a beautiful gradation, to the honour of the hero; he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks loose, and the spectators run: so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

In body, tho' his mighty spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The Bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout : 880
 His wrath inflam'd, boild o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he throw the foam ;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever herald drew him :
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd, 885
 And vex'd the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy ; 890
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him :
 It griev'd him to the guts that they,
 For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
 Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong ;
 Wrong of unfoldier-like condition,
 For which he flung down his commission ;
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Thro' thickest of his foes he charg'd,

And made way thro' th' amazed crew;
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none; for by hasty flight
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held
 Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore
 I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of bone,
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swoon,
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
 For getting up on stump and huckle,
 He with the foe began to buckle,

Y. 906. — Avoid the conq'ring Knight.] In edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1764. Restored 1710, as above.

Y. 920. — cast in swoon.] In the two first editions of 1664.

Y. 923. — And taking it, &c.] In the two first edit. of 1664.

Y. 924. — to fall on Knight.] In the first edit. of 1664.

Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho, (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicious 935
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows; 940
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he cou'd atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load, 950

ψ. 935, 936. *Looking about, beheld the Bard,—To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.*] Thus in edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

ψ. 944. *The skin encounter'd, &c.*] In the two first edit. of 1664.

ψ. 947. —on side and arm.] Two editions of 1664.
ψ. 948. *To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm.*] In the two first editions of 1664.

That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoké: What desp'rate frenzy
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter us in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
 And Hudibras on me provoke,
 Tho' all thy limbs were heart of oke,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows as that of wood?
 Cou'd not the whipping-post prevail,
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
 To keep from flaying, scourge thy skin,
 And ancle free from iron gin?
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care
 Must see how Hudibras does fare.
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his bum upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump!
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye,

And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
 I look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
 This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight, Quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great, 985
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled; 990
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the Churches; 1000
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
 For tho' success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;
 Tho' dispensations were not strong 1005
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;

Altho' Out-goings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a meer term;
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th' creature, tho' usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 Than what was ours by right before:
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous:
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.

y. 1009.] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their opinion) if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1035
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A Nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case: 1040
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For tho' I fought and overcame, 1045
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will; 1050
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness:
This pow'r which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
Than if you were a Knight of straw;
For Death would then be his conqueror
Not you, and free him from that terror,

If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch;
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
Th' other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please;

This has been often done by some
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wife justice, and to some reveal'd
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;
 Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
 Direction and advice put on,
 For if we should fight for the Cause
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak;
 But to the wicked or the weak
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;

[y. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it; "Curst be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently."

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And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce, III10
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, III15
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinnyard bore, III20
The trophæe-Fiddle and the cast,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, III25
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town they 'ad gone;

At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands III30

¶ 1122. Plac'd on his *Shoulder*.] Edition 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on shoulder*, restored 1704.

¶ 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd to nobly a structure could be rais'd from

This has been often done by some old men
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;
 Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
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Y. 1122. Plac'd on his *shoulder*.] Edition 1674, 1684, 1689; 1700. *Leaning on shoulder*, restored 1794.

Y. 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd so noble a structure could be rais'd from

Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
 Of magic made impregnable :
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit;
 And yet so foul, that who's in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison;
 In circle magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' adventrous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :

so ludicrous a subject. We perceive wit and humour in the strongest light in every part of the description: and how happily imagined is the pun in *v.* 1143. ? How ceremonious are the conquerors in displaying the trophies of their victory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive? What a dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect before him? All these circumstances were necessary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiserate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't:
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

HUDIBRAS.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does rally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdery, and put the Squire in 's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ar me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps?
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick,
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day? 10
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase 15
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,

Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth;
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal, 20
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to't, 30
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about, 35
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat, 40

ψ. 35. Took heart again, and fac'd about.] Took heart of grace, in the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 37. For now the half-defeated Bear.] Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored as above, 1704.

Volume I.

K

Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as valantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politick,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;

But what cou'd single valour do,
 Against so numerous a foe?
 Yet much he did, indeed too much
 To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;
 But one against a multitude,
 Is more than mortal can make good:
 For while one party he oppos'd,
 His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
 And no room left him for retreat;
 Or fight against a foe so great:
 For now the Massives, charging home,
 To blows and handy-gripes were come;
 While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his right foot before,
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall
 His person was above them all.
 This equal shame and envy stirr'd
 In th' enemy, that one should bear
 So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about;
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick :
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
 (But not so light as to be borne
 Upon the ears of standing corn,
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the martial throng ;
 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *bum dum*,
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown
 Such feats already he has achiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd,
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

ψ. 102. *As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.*] Thus it stands in the two first editions of 1664, and, I believe, in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long filed* would be more proper ; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith, of Harleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement ;

As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him; 120
 But then we must about it straight;
 Or else our aid will come too late;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round; 125
 About their heads to clear the ground,
 And joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130
 Mean while th' approach'd th' place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin;
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold: 135
 And yet, alas! do what they could,
 The worsted Bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before:
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over, but the Pagan heel;
 So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the martial 145
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel:

For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd; 150
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd:
 Or like the late-corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.
 But gentle Trulla into th' ringal 155
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made; 160
 Close by a softly-murm'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song, 165
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
 Upon a bough, to ease his pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader and the rest. 170

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground,
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)

Was not long able to keep pace 175
 With others that pursu'd the chace,
 But found himself left far behind;
 Both out of heart and out of wind;
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude, 180
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers, of his coward foes.
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
 Forcing the vallies to repeat 185
 The accents of his sad regret:
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound 190
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
 That makes her, in their ruthful stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose 195
 To things of which she nothing knows;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin. 200

[v. 189, 190.] This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be master of the pathetic as well as the sublime style, but also as it comprehends a fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers.

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Murtherer.
 Am not I here to take thy part?
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head
 So often in thy quarrel bled
 Nor did I ever winch or wince in
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Murtherer.
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dust,
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Murtherer.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy?
 Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
 Nor what I have endured for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail
 For who would grace to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Pudding.
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the authors of his woe
 Should equal vengeance undergo
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear,

This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed 230
 To action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where'er he was;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd. 240

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240
 Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame:
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245
 And resolute, as ever fought;
 Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke:

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile afront that paltry ass,
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if th' had routed us in battle?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be fed 255
 I for the washing gave my head;

Nor did I turn my back for fear,
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
 For whether these fell wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, and mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can forestel;
 Not do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome;
 But if I can but find them out,
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
 Where'er th' in hugges-mugges lurk)
 I'll make them rue their hasty-work,
 And wish that they had rather dar'd
 To pull the devil by the beard.

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has ev'ry body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear;
 Others may do as they see good;
 But if this twig be made of wood,
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
 And th' other munged vermin, Ralpho,
 That hav'd us all in this behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;

y. 258. Of them, but losing of my Bear. J. 1674, and all editions to 1704, exclusive.

Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd—
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise.
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which b'ing by skilful midwife dress'd,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,

By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure land;
 (For he, in all his am'rous battels,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance:
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain:
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
 Had almost brought him off his legs)
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d'y' call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worfe than a mule that flings and kicks;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange, and mad;

ψ. 315, 316. In the two first editions of 1664, this and the following line stand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
 An arrow he let fly at Knight.

She could love none but only such 333
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
 Not love, if any lov'd her: hey day!
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight. 340
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Mean while the Knight had no small task 345
 To compass what he durst not ask:
 He loves, but dares not make the motion;
 Her ignorance is his devotion:
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed; 350
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move;
 Or like a tumbler that does play
 His game, and looks another way,
 Until he seize upon the coney; 355
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain; her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out;
 Which she return'd with so much scorn,
 To be by man of honour borne; 360

y. 338.—Hey day! Ha day! In all editions till 1701,
 then altered to Hey day.

Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain
 He had endur'd from her disdain,
 Turn'd to regret so resolute,
 That he resolv'd to waive his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in sight.
 This resolution b'ing put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done,
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The vict'ry he atchiev'd so late,
 Did set his thoughts agog, and open'd
 A door to discontinu'd hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His dame too, now his hand was in;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With am'rous longings to be at her.
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that sloop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop?
 If nothing can oppugn love,
 And virtue invious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both love and virtue too?

But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in:
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror?
 Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the timidous miscarry:
 Then while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;
 And as an owl that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach;
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse,
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd.

And all th' avenues had possess'd,
 About the place, from east to west.
 That done, a while they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault;
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed
 By storm and onslaught to proceed
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;
 When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gates adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
 Whether Dame Fortune, of the card
 Of angel bad, or tutelary,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger;
 That foresight might, or might not blot
 The glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be set,
 They took him napping in his bet,
 To them we leave it to expound
 That deal in sciences profound.

His courser, scarce he had bestir'd
 And Ralpho that on which he stir'd

Y. 437.—it might be set.] This spelling used in all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to set, 1710.

When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the field;
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh;
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
 As if they had out-run their fears;
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat;
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trabunt, tis our doom:
 This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue;
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory: and when
 We shall our shining blades agen

V. 444. *To take the field, and sally at.* In edit. 1674,
 and the following ones, to 1704, exclusive.

Brandish in terror *o'er* our heads;
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads;
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress's name,
His pistol next he cock'd a-new;
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warr'ors use; then ply'd
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did hurl
Æneas on the bum withal;

y. 472.] And haunts by fits.] Haunts by turns, in the two first editions of 1664.

Yet big enough, if rightly hull'd, 495
 T' have sent him to another world,
 Whether above ground, or below,
 Which saints twice dipt are desin'd to.
 The danger startled the bold Squire,
 And made him some few steps retire; 500
 But Hudibras advanc'd to his aid;
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.
 He wisely doubting left the shot
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505
 To come pell-mell to handy blows,
 And that he might their aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher; 510
 As expert warriors use to do,
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.
 This order the advent'rous Knight,
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd sickle; 515
 And for the foe began to stickle.
 The more shame for her Goodyship
 To give so near a friend the slip,
 For Colon, chusing out a stone,
 Level'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
 His manly panch with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his horse.

He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein, 525
 But laying fast hold on the mane,
 Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the Knight, and with one claw
 The tricker of his pistol draw
 The gun went off; and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
 In all its feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt of it to prosper best,
 So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
 At random 'mong the enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
 Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon:
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell. 540
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
 He had inevitably don't.

Ψ. 523. *He loos'd his whinyard.*] Thus it stands in the first editions of 1664. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon*: so it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He lost his whinyard*.

Ψ. 545.] In the two first editions, for this and the three following lines these two are used,

But he, diverted with the cure
Of Hudibras his hurtly forbear
To press th' advantage of his sottishness,
While danger did the rest dishearten;
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both, wagg'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day,
And now the busy work of Death
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knights,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run;
For if but half so well you know
To use your vict'ry as subdued,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbore.

In 1674, Hudibras his wound, to 1704, exclusive.

Y. 551. He had with Cerdon, &c.] Editions 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

Y. 553. So desperately.] 1674, &c. Y. 560.] And force their sullen rage to part.] Thus altered 1674, to 1704, exclusive,

They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now;
 But from so formidable a soldier
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
 You'll have a harder game to play,
 Than yet ye have had, to get they day.

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
 By Hudibras with small regard:
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
 The knotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of fortitude or wit.
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown;
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting, to despond;

ψ. 587. *The knotted blood.*] Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered to *knotted blood*.

Yet I'd be loath my days to curtal;
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
 To make an honourable retreat;
 'Twere the best course; but if they find
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,
 For them to seize on, the dishonour,
 And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
 Stand to it boldly and take quarter;
 To let them see I am no flatter.

In all the trade of war no feat
 Is nobler than a brave retreat:
 For those that run away, and fly,
 Take place at least o' th' enemy.

This said, the Squire, with active speed,
 Dismounted from his bonny steed;
 To seize the arms which, by mischance,
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:
 These being found out, and restor'd
 To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,
 As a man may say, with might and main
 He hasted to get up again.
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
 But, by his weighty bum, as oft

ψ. 597.—*Curial*.] In all editions to 1704, inclusive.

ψ 609, 610.] Not in the two first edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.

ψ. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
 Prepar'd in haste to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. Restored 1704.

He was pull'd back, till having found
 Th' advantage of the rising ground;
 Thither he led his warlike steed,
 And having plac'd him right, with speed
 Prepar'd again to scale the best; 625
 When Orfin, who had newly dress'd
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder
 Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
 And now was searching for the spot
 That laid Magnano on the spot, 630
 Beheld the sturdy Squire afore said,
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
 He left his cure, and laying hold
 Upon his arms, with courage bold
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635
 The enemy begin to rally;
 Let us that are unhurt and whole
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
 This said, like to a thunderbolt
 He flew with fury to th' assault, 640
 Striving th' enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his horse's back,
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
 Wriggling his body to recover 645
 His seat, and cast his right leg over;
 When Orfin, rushing in, bestow'd
 On horse and man so heavy a load,

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The beast was startled, and began
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
 Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
 Or stout King Richard, on his back;
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.
 Mean while the Knight began to rouse
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
 He thrust his hand into his hose,
 And found, both by his eyes and nose,
 'Twas only choler, and not blood,
 That from his wounded body flow'd.
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,
 Inflam'd him with despitelous ire;
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other pistol out;
 And now had half way bent the cock,
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
 With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
 That down it fell, and did no harm;
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
 Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
 The Knight his sword had only left,
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
 Or at the least crop'd off a limb,
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight
 Upon his quarters opposite:

But as a barque, that in foul weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
 And knows not which to turn him to; 680
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,
 And knew not which of them t' oppose;
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stun'd 685
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,
 And, raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out, *Victoria*; lie thou there,
 And I shall straight dispatch another; 690
 To bear thee company in death;
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe;
 As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
 At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695
 And cure the hurt he gave before.
 Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe infect. 700
 This b'ing resolv'd he spur'd his steed;
 To run at Orsin with full speed,
 While he was busy in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;

But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the part apply'd remedy;
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
 Then like a warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art,
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then (in order) to retire;
 Or, as occasion should invite,
 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Tho' sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came.
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more, as conquerors,
 Have both the field and honour won;
 The foe is profligate and run:
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home;
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two vict'ries in a day;
 As I have done, that can say, twice I
 In one day *veni, vidi, vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*;
 And they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow;
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch;
 And let us both their motions watch.
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An arse, for fear of being hang'd
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength: unless you steep,
 And reach your hands to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who are now run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras); I mean all
 We read, the Ancients held it was
 More honourable *far ferire*
Civem, than slay an adversary

The one we oft to-day have done,
 The other shall dispatch anon:
 And tho' th' art of a different church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like lightning behind.
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out,
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got:
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was her's;
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew
 To succour him; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;
 Thy life is mine, and liberty;
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy

To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh;
 Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thy self a while,
 And once more, for that careless while,
 Fight upon tick. — Quoth Trullabree,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word.
 First let me rise and take my sword:
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Thro' squadrons of my foes made way,
 And some to other worlds dispatch;
 Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
 To interrupt a victor's course,
 By opposing such a trivial force.
 For if with conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
 By law of arms, in such a case;

V. 791. — 795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greatest figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few instances, I believe, in either romance or history that come up to this.

Both which I now do offer freely,
I scorn, (quoth she) thou ~~concoomb~~ ^{concoomb} ~~silly~~,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst ~~force me to it~~, ^{force me to it},
But lest it should again be fed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unperceptibly,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell;
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd'st hum.
Stand to't, (quoth she) or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting ~~arise~~ ^{arise} ~~arise~~ ^{arise},
Shall serve thy turn. — This stir'd his spleen,
More than the danger he was in;
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which stir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to dash her quick;
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,

Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury,
 Which long she fail'd not of; for now
 The Knight with one dead-doing blow
 Resolving to decide the fight,
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground:
 No sooner she th' advantage found,
 But in she flew; and seconding,
 With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole;
 And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood;

[v. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in
 edit. 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in
 the two first editions of 1664;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?

Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing?

Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou!

Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou?

Now thou hast got me for a Tartar;
To make m' against my will take quatter;
Why dost not put me to the sword;
But cowardly fly from thy word?

Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down;
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conq'ring brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou needst not brand it with a scuff;
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,

But cannot blur my loss renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower:
The ancient heroes were illast' out
For being benign, and not blust'rous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out,
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth he, Altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory,
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,

Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late,
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel;
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange'd for him.

[V. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very disgraceful to one of the Knight's station. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to such a direful condition, and for representing him as stript and degraded by a trull? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms, (which the Poet must observe) to use her captive at her pleasure. Trulla acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generously screened him from a threatening storm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal honour of her sex?

This said, the Knight did straight submit 915
 And laid his weapons at her feet.
 Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
 And as the French, we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers 925
 Port-cannons, perriwigs and feathers;
 Just so the proud insulting lass
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other champions, yest
 In hurry of the fight dispers'd, 930
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
 Which now they were about to pour 935
 Upon him in a wooden shower.
 But Trulla thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish't o'er her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word; 940
 She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
 Or theirs, should make that quarter good;

For she was bound, by law of arms,
 To see him safe from further harms.
 In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
 His great heart made perpetual moans;
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 950
 Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
 Which towards Hudibras was hasting,
 They thought it was but just and right
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd; 955
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:
 For who a better could imagine?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
 The Knight and Squire first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid,
 Then mounted both upon their horses,
 But with their faces to the arses.
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 And Colon, waited as a guard on;
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
 With th' arms of either prisoner. 970

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows 975
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order foldier-like contriv'd, 980
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about 985
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art,
No less than he that built the fort, 990
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base, 995
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious veng'ance to assuage;

For he no sooner was at large,
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
 And in the self-same limbo put
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
 That makes men prisoners or free;
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind, or equanimities.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow tub to

ψ. 1003. *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole.*
 Altered, 1674, to, *The wretched hole.* Restored 1704.

Diogenes; who is not said 1025
(For ought that ever I could read).
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030
The active and the passive valiant,
Both which are *pari libere* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary;
But in defeats the passive stout 1035
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are fuggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd, 1040
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel 1045
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be fed
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon

'Than when, adorn'd with all his light;
 He shines in serene sky most bright;
 So valour, in a low estate,
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow;
 But none, that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.
 As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off:
 For who, without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdu'd a Bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof?
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

[*ψ.* 1061, 1062.] In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken) would say that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn, and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hour-glasses remained in some churches till within these forty years.

[*ψ.* 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct; and, to vent his resentment,

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing wouldst rail, 1075
Thou tak'st Presbytery, thy scale,
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical: 1080
As if Presbyt'ry were a standard
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard was hold to say,
That thou cou'dst prove Bear-baiting equal 1085
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
That has but any guts in's brains,
And cou'd believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,

he satirizes him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion: this, by degrees, brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport;
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere word: **II00**
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues
 Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 'To mischief bent as far's in them lies:
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, **II05**
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th' other Souls and Consciences; **II10**
 Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
 For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
 Than whom they 'ave less humanity, **II15**
 For these at souls of men will fly.
 This to the Prophet did appear,
 Who in a vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule, in this latter age; **II20**
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
 Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine; so do they.

What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears. 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please, 1135
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them; 1140
And force all people, tho' against
Their consciences, to turn Saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds and holy shifts 1145
Are Dispensations and Gifts,
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicious, 1150
And growing up, became the fires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;

Whose bus'ness is, by running sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light,
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1153
 The physiognomy of Grace;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing; 1160
 By black caps underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light;
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck 1165
 (Canonical cravat of smeeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When Church and State they set on flame,

[v. 1156.] These Tryers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. "The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts; and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories; they phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like. When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in what day? about what hour of the day, had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men) 1170
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion :
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride; 1175
To rule is to be sanctify'd :
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine. 1180
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far :
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185
They must have wealth and power too;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;
Whose directory was to kill;
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then 1195
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.

For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or, now and then, a child, to Molech,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free state:
 A common-wealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry village is a See
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A tithe-pig metropolitain;
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the Church's head,
 More haughty and severe in's place,
 Than Gregory and Boniface.
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads: for if we consider
 What in th' Apocalyps we find,
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon,
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
 Lay-elder, Simcon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-primate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot

Is of a mungrel, diverse kind, 1223
 Cleric before, and Lay behind;
 A lawless linsie-woolsie brother,
 Half of one order; half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water: 1230
 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners; can pronounce a saint 1235
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he siffs
 Thro' coarsest boulder others' gifts:
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his; 1240
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
 The manufacture of the Kirk.
 Those pastors are but the handy-work
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245
 Divinity in them by feeling:
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250
 Hold, hold, quoth Hullbras, soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,

Festina lente, not too fast,
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
 Are false, and built upon mistake:
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood. 1260
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your vitiligation,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *dialecticōs*.

The question then, to state it first, 1265
 Is, Which is better or which worst,
 Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
 To be the worst, and Synods thou;
 But to make good th' assertion,
 Thou say'st they're really all one. 1270
 If so, not worse; for if they're *idem*,
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
 For if they are the same, by course
 Neither is better, neither worse.
 But I deny they are the same, 1275
 More than a maggot and I am.
 That both are *animalia*
 I grant, but not *rationalia*:
 For tho' they do agree in kind,
 Specific difference we find; 1280

And can no more make Bears of these,
Thian prove my horse is Socrates;
That Synods are Bear-gardens; too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say No;
And thus I prove it, in a word; 1285
Whats'ever Assembly's not impow'r'd
To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say *Negatur*.
That Bears are Beasts, and Synods men, 1295
Is held by all: they're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails; 1300
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305
Most ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form; until the dam
Has lickt it into shape and frame;

But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:
A strange chimæra of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene;
Such as in Nature never met

In eodem subjecto yet.

Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts)
And is the same that Ranter sed,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

[Y. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross observes, "That they held
"that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, &c. were
"fictions and fables: that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ,
"were impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles ac-
"quainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished
"with them: that preaching and praying are useless, and
"that preaching is but public lying: that there is an end
"of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be
"taught immediately from God, &c."

And tore a handful of my beard;
 The self-same cavils then I heard,
 When b'ing in hot dispute about
 This controversy, we fell out;
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
 Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
 Of human learning you produce;
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain; 1340

ψ. 1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the beefom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused *Printing* to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a *Paper-mill*. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

'Twas the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c. that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burnt except the Bible." "I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly: many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship, are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get the upper-hand—we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tally."

A trade of knowledge as replete,
 As others are with fraud and cheat;
 An art t'incumber Gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345
 Like little David in Saul's doublet:
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own;
 A sort of error, to encrease
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex and intricate:
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules,
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention: 1360
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light;
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' the contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.
 Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the constable at last;

For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *disparata*; that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things I' averse, they never yet 1375
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here, 1380
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t'incumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A sort of error, to enfeeble
Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
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Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here, 1380
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

HUDIBRAS.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t'observe Romantique method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. ψ. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition.

Restored 1704.

ψ. 5. How he receives, &c.] How he revl's, &c. in the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his Aeneids in the very same manner, At regina gravi, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

ψ. 2. Let bloody steel, &c.] Altered to let rusty steel, 1674, 1684, &c. To trusty steel, 1700. Restored 1704.

ψ. 5.] And the three following lines, stood in the two first editions of 1664, as follow:

Exchang'd to love's most gentle style;
 To let our reader breathe a while:
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface;
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should be exchange,
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind;
 Others make all their knights, in fits
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores;
 As cripples do to get an aim,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site;
 Make former times shake hands with latter;
 And that which was before come after;
 But those that write in rhyme still makes
 The one verse for the other's sake;

And unto love turn we our style,

To let our readers breathe a while,

By this time tir'd with the horrid sounds

Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

Y. 10. That some men's fancies, &c.] That a man's fancy,
in the two first editions of 1664,

For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no less
'Than other times, beside his guests.

There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist :

ψ. 32.—*Whilom*. J. Formerly, or, some time ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Restored 1704.

ψ. 48.] The beauty of this consists in the double meaning; the first alludes to Fame's living on Report. The second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

With these she thro' the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth; oft lies;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And Mercuries of furthest regions;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60
 About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some froth, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed;
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, 65
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones; 70
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras befel,

Y. 77. This tattling gossip, &c.] Tattling gossip. In the two first editions of 1664. Altered, as it stands here, 1674.

And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 To see bawds carted thro' the crowd,
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump,
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she wou'd go see the fight,
 And visit the distressed Knight;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour; 90
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
 To set at large his fetter-locks;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent: 100
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,
 By further leg behind together:

y. 91. And from his wooden jail, &c.] This and the following line stand in the two editions of 1664 thus,
 That is to see him deliver'd safe
 Of's wooden burthen, and Squire Raph.

For as he sat upon his rump, 105
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl, 110
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by' her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl: 120
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.

[Y. 111, 112.] There was never, certainly, a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us; it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady; the attitude and surprise of the Knight; the confusion and blushes of the lover; and the satirical railery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderful pleasing.

Some have mistaken blocks and posses
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts; 130
 With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces,
 That beard and I should be acquainted, 135
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
 For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if 't had lately been in combat,
 It did belong to a worthy Knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by't. 140

When Hudibras the Lady heard
 Discourfing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with fuch refpect and honour
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
 He thought it best to fet as good 145
 A face upon it as he cou'd,
 And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right;
 The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
 The same numerically true; 150
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
 But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you;

*Y. 142. Discourfing thus upon his beard.] Altered, 1674,
 To take kind notice of his beard. Restored 1704.*

Not by your individual whiskers,
 But by your dialect and discourse,
 That never spoke to man or beast
 In notions vulgarly exprest:
 But what malignant star, alas!
 Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
 Which I am less afflicted for,
 Than to be seen with beard and face
 By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed
 For being honourably maim'd;
 If he that is in battle conquer'd,
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Tho' your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn 170
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
 And cut square by the Russian standard.
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.
 That petticoat about your shoulders,
 Does not so well become a soldier's;
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
 Altho' i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
 And those uneasy bruises make
 My heart for company to ake, 180

*ψ. 164.—in such a homely case.] In such élenétique case,
 in the two first editions of 1664.*

To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good, 185

But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign

As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phenomena*

In which it oft mistakes the case. 190

But since th' immortal intellect

(That's free from error and defect,

Whose objects still persist the same)

Is free from outward bruise or maim,

Which nought external can expose. 195

To gross material bangs or blows,

It follows we can ne'er be sure

Whether we pain or not endure,

And just so far are sore and griev'd

As by the fancy is believ'd. 200

Some have been wounded with conceit,

And dy'd of meer opinion straight;

Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,

Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat, 205

That mice (as histories relate)

Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in

His phoique parts, without his feeling;

Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squemish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more hon'able than fears,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists
They that are bruised with wood or fists, 230
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultrons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

ψ. 232.—*Pultrons.*] *Pultrons* in all editions to 1716,
inclusive. Altered, afterwards, to *poltrons*.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 233
 Our princes worship, with a blow.
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick
 And testy courtiers with a kick.
 The Negus, when some mighty lord
 Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240
 And pardon'd for some great offence,
 With which he's willing to dispense,
 First has him laid upon his belly,
 Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly;
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his valour's malleable:
 But he that fears a bastinado,
 Will run away from his own shadow:
 And tho' I'm now in durance fast, 255
 By our own party basely cast,
 Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
 And worse than by the en'my us'd;

ψ. 241. *And pardon'd for some great offence.*] This and
 the following line, in the two editions of 1664, stand thus;
 To his good grace, for some offence
 Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.

In close *catastra* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You 'ave almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?
Such great atchievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:

This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out; 290
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth, 295
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And tho' I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to bank your wit; 300
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich 305
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns, 310
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't,
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;

As no man can draw in his breath 315
 At once, and force out air beneath?
 Or do you love yourself so much,
 To bear all rivals else a grutch?
 What fate can lay a greater curse
 Than you upon yourself would force? 320
 For wedlock without love, some say,
 Is but a lock without a key,
 It is a kind of rape to marry
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
 For what does make it ravishment, 325
 But b'ing against the mind's consent?
 A rape that is the more inhuman,
 For being acted by a woman.
 Why are you fair, but to entice us
 To love you, that you may despise us? 330
 But tho' you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own fanatique way,
 Why should you not at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
 Love more averse, so I do you;
 And am by your own doctrine taught
 To practise what you call a fault.

Y. 332.—*Fanatique way*. *Fanatique* in some of the first
 editions, and *fanatick* in the rest, from 1700, if not sooner,
 to this time. Might not *Fantastick* have been as proper, as
 his mistress expresses herself. Y. 545, 546.

And yet 'tis no fantastick pique

I have to love, nor coy dislike.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,
 You must fly me as I do you; 340
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
 Command me to piss out the moon,
 And 't will as easily be done.
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350

'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The heft'ring kill-cow Hercules;
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
 T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.

'Twas he that made Emp'rors gallants
 To their own sisters and their aunts;
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog: 360

'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
 And fluxt the House of many a burges;
 Made those that represent the nation
 Submit, and suffer amputation;
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal 365
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall,

He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jennets,
And take the ring at Madam — 370

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And tho' she were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex? 380
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, agalst
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it, 385
Than I believ'd before, I' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorn, 390

St. 370. And take the ring at Madam — Stenger was the person whose name was dashed (says Sir Roger L'Estrange, *Key to Hudibras*.) "Her husband was by profession a brown-man, and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

And those who worthy lovers slight;
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite :
 This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
 To take a town-bull for her sweet ;
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
 To be the rival of a cow :
 Others to prostitute their great hearts,
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts :
 Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
 By's representative a Negro. 400
 'Twas this made Vestal maid love-sick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick :
 Some by their fathers and their brothers
 To be made mistresses and mothers.
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
 On lacquies, and *valets des chambres*;
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;
 To slight the world, and to disparage
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
 Yet such as I should rather bear
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
 Their faith and secresy in love.
 Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
 For secresy in love, as treason.

ψ. 406. On lacquies, and valets des chambres.] *Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does steal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way, 420

Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.

Love is a fire, that burns and ſparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which footy chymiſts ſtop in holes, 425

When out of wood they extract coles;
So lovers ſhould their paſſions choke,
That tho' they burn, they may not ſmoke.

'Tis like that ſturdy thief that ſtole
And dragg'd beaſts backwards into's hole; 430

So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impreſſion may diſcover,

And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal 435

What you intruſt me under ſeal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe and virtuous
As your own ſecretary' Albertus.

Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe: 440

Love-paſſions are like parables,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:

y. 418. That at the windore eye does ſteal in.] Thus it ſtands in all edit. to 1684, incluſ'. Altered to window eye, edit. 1700. Reſtored again, 1726, if not ſooner.

Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologique sence,
 The real substance of the shadow,
 Which all address and courtship's made to. 443

'Thought he, I understand your play,
 And how to quit you your own way;
 He that will win his dame, must do
 As Love does, when he bends his bow; 456
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.

I grant, youth he, wealth is a great
 Provocative to am'rous heat:
 It is all philtres and high diet,
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out: 453

'Tis beauty always in the flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore:

'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
 At their own weapons, are out-done: 460

That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
 And lay about 'em in romances:

'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
 That men divine and sacred call:

For what is worth in any thing,
 But so much money as 'twill bring? 465

Or what but riches is there known,
 Which man can solely call his own,

In which no creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470

I do confess, with goods and land,
 I'd have a wife at second hand;
 And such you are: nor is't your person
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
 But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
 Let me your fortune but possess,
 And settle your person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
 You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
 Or any feat of qualm or fawning,
 But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
 Your only way with me to break 485
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
 So that wou'd break my heart; which done,
 My tempting fortune is your own. 490
 These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy mistress' sake:
 Yet they're the only ways to prove 495
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love;

ψ. 483.—*fawning*.] Thus it stands in all editions to 1684,
 inclusive. Altered to *drowning*, 1700.

For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For meer experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is diseased:
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover;
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves, in cheating souls;
And merchants, vent'ring thro' the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's afore said do precede.

Give but yourself one gentle swing,
 For trial, and I'll cut the string;
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
 Or two, or three, against a wall,
 To shew you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
 At Friar Bacon's noddle was,
 Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
 That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
 As it had need to be, to enter,
 As yet, on any new adventure:
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd;
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose; two words t' a bargain;
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof;
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
 I have to love, nor coy dislike;
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
 T' your conversation, mien, or person,
 But a just fear, lest you should prove
 False and perfidious in love:
 For if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you. 550

Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
 As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
 True as Apollo ever spoke, 555
 Or oracle from heart of oke;
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one, and that other pigfney, 560
 The sun and day shall sooner part,
 Than love or you shake off my heart;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence,
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565
 With true-love-knots and flourishes
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing;
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk Champaign become. 570
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet;
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575
 And take all lives of things from you;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die;
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and Nature's to outlive. 580

And like to heralds' moons remain,
 All crescents, without change or wane.
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this;
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
 For you will find it a hard chapter,
 To catch me with poetique rapture,
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart:
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
 By dint of high heroic passion.
 She that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon,
 And what men say of her, they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean:
 Some with Arabian spices strive
 To embalm her cruelly alive;
 Or season her, as French cooks use
 Their *haut-gousts*, *boullies*, or *ragousts*:
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her lips upon a mill,
 Until the *facets doubles* doth
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
 Her mouth, compar'd to an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth.
 Others make posies of her cheeks,
 Where red and whitest colours mix;
 In which the lily and the rose,
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.

The sun and moon; by her bright eyes,
 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
 Are but black patches, that she wears,
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
 By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heav'n above, call tell
 What strange events they do foreshow
 Unto her under-world below.
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,
 So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
 As wise philosophers have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in prose;
 And in those ribbons would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung,
 That have the hard fate to write best
 Of those still that deserve it least;
 It matters not how false or forc'd,
 So the best things be said o' th' worst;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis sed,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
 Whether it be a swan or goose
 They level at: so shepherds use
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep:

[¶ 613.] And the three following lines, not in the two first
 editions of 1664, but added 1674.

For wits that carry low or wide, 635
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside.
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on
 With Fulhams of poetique fiction;
 I rather hop'd I should no more
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645
 The readiest remedies of love,
 Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
 In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock; 650
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a cooler.
 T' allay your mettle, all agog
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
 That for a bruised or broken pate
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow
 Much harder on the marry'd brow:
 But if no dread can cool your courage,
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage; 660
 Yet give me quarter, and advance
 To nobler aims your puissance;

Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation, meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal doner
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?

Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
 And worse than thieves receivers are:
 How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
 For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof, 695
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
 Where, when, by whom, and what y^e were fold for,
 And in the open market toll'd for?
 Or, should I take you for a stray,
 You must be kept a year and day, 700
 (Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
 Where, if ye're sought, you may be found;
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
 T' enervate this objection,
 And prove myself, by topique clear,
 No gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of virility's averr'd
 To be the cause of loss of beard, 710
 That does (like embryo in the womb)
 Abortive on the chin become;
 This first a woman did invent,
 In envy of man's ornament,
 Semiramis of Babylon, 715
 Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
 To mar their beards, and laid foundation
 Of slow-geldering operation:

Look on this beard, and tell me whether
 Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
 Next it appears I am no horse,
 That I can argue and discourse,
 Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
 For some philosophers of late here,
 Write men have four legs by Nature,
 And that 'tis custom makes them go
 Erroneously upon but two;
 As 'twas in Germany made good,
 B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 Till you explain yourself, and show
 B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
 I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 To settle all, and be my sponso.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
 To one that wants a tail, by me;
 For tails by Nature sure were meant,
 As well as beards, for ornament;
 And tho' the vulgar count them homely,
 In men or beast they are so comely.

So genteel, alamoed, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane; 750
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
Than your's on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word; 760
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye 'ave yet deny'd to give 765
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the suff'rings of your martyr,
Give it's poor entertainer quarter; 770
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,

And if I knew which way to do't, 775
 (Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
 That dames by jail-delivery
 Of errant knights have been set free,
 When by enchantment they have been,
 And sometimes for it, too, laid in, 780
 Is that which knights are bound to do
 By order, oaths, and honour too;
 For what are they renown'd and famous else,
 But aiding of distressed damosels?
 But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
 To free a knight, we have no warrant
 In any authentical romance,
 Or classique author yet of France;
 And I'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790
 Or innovation introduce
 In place of things of antique use,
 To free your heels by any course
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
 Which if I should consent unto, 795
 It is not in my pow'r to do;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous ceremony;
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie: 800
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no dore

But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing, 805
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance: 810
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tutress of arts and sciences,
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter,
That lays foundation for renown, 815
And all the honours of the gown:
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'able discharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials, 820
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of ev'ry town;
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake, 825
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on,
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't) 830

I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewfie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on oath, a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have don't;
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too!
 What med'cine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd;
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child!

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart!

y. 831. *I here engage myself to loose ye.* This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,

And free you from the unknightly jail.

Thus continued to 1700, inclusive. Restored 1704.

It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whippin,
 Than swallow toast of bits of ribbin?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
 With China-oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
 Bribe chamber-maids with love and money; 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes hazard noses?
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lanthorn? 870
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suff'ring what I offer you;
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long ago.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
 For the Infanta Del Toboso?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Miss's sake,
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school;

Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?
 Did not a certain lady whip,
 Of late, her husband's own lordship?
 And tho' a grandee of the House,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide, as if she had rid post;
 And after in the Sessions court,
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
 And the Magician's circle, clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, (quoth she) then turn'd about,
 And bid her Squire let him out.
 But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.

ψ. 894. *I'll set you from th' enchanted den.* In all editions to 1734, inclusive. *I'll free you,* in later editions.

ψ. 903.] The evening is here singly described; the Epics are not more exact in describing times and seasons than our Poet: we may trace his hero morning and night; and it should be observed, in the conclusion of this Canto, (conformable to the practice of the *Crisis* upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only passed since the opening of the Poem.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade)
 And in the lanthorn of the night,
 With shining horns hung out her light; 905
 For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
 His whipping penance, till the morn,
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark, 920
 With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do't in th' open face of day;
 And in the mean time go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

¶ 911, 912.]

For darkness is the proper sphere,
 Where all false glories use t' appear.

These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, and first inserted 1674.

HUDIBRAS.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an act of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring so stichle,
They're sent away in pally pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suite
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bales;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent.
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.

ψ. 2. (*Like bawd and brandy.*)] Brandee, in all editions to 1704, inclusive.

ψ. 14. *Mountaygn, or, Mountaign—and Tully.*] In all editions to 1704. Includ. Altered to *Montaign and Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that virtue is a body,
 That *bonum* is an animal,
 Made good with stout polemique brawl;
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect aver'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
 And, like a lobster boll'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn;
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed:

[y. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* begin with describing the morning: so, also, does Mr. Butler take care to let the world know at what time of the day (which he exactly describes) these momentous actions of his hero were transacted. The morning's approach, the Knight's rising, and rousing up his Squire, are humourously described.

But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rouz'd the Squire, in truckle lolling;
 And after many circumstances;
 Which vulgar authors, in romances,
 Do use to spend their time and wits on;
 To make impertinent description,
 They got (with much ado) to horse,
 And to the Castle bent their course,
 In which he to the Dame before
 To suffer whipping-duty swore;
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work in earnest,
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after fed;
 Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,

y. 48.—*Whipping duly swore,*] In the two first editions.
 y. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph
 sets before us the hypocrisy and villany of all parties of the
 Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and eva-
 sions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries
 they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they read-
 ily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it
 suited their interest, as appears from y. 107, &c. and y. 377,
 &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. III. y. 547, &c.
 Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those
 times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath,
 yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, mi-
 litary, and religious. We are now told (says he) that the
 oaths we have taken are not to be examined according
 to the interpretation of men: No! How then? Surely ac-
 cording to the interpretation of devils."

And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be foresworn, than act the thing, 60
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 To inform Conscience, be discuss;
 In which to err a title may
 To errors infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know 65
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do insist,
 I shall enlarge upon the point;
 And, for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out, 70
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light;
 And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less, than to forbear, 75
 And that you are foresworn forbear.
 But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
 And outward, like a clap and clasp,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing, 80
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystique sense;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable:

'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use;
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells;
 Like modern Indians to their idols;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes,
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is't not enough we're bruised and kicked,
 With sinful members of the Wicked;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Profan'd, and curry'd back and side;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it.
 This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second;
 That Saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear
 With pregnant light: the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
 Too feeble implements to bind;
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
 As shadows to a substance do.
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.

Altho' your Church be opposite
 To ours, as Black-friars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant
 You are a Reformado saint;
 And what the Saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to:
 But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege;
 Further (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own:
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,
 Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
 I think there's little reason why:
 Else he 'as a greater power than they,
 Which 'twere impety to say.
 We 're not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to swear;
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain:
 For breaking of an oath and lying,
 Is but a kind of self-denyng,
 A saint-like virtue; and from hence
 Some have broke oaths by Providence:

V. 136, 1 When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook

Some, to the glory of the Lord, 140
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
 And this the constant rule and practice
 Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
 Was not the Cause at first begun
 With perjury, and carry'd on?
 Was there an oath the Godly took,
 But in due time and place they broke?
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models, for
 The present use of Church and War?
 Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
 For having freed us, first from both
 Th' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation,
 To take, and break the Protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant, 155
 The Solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the King's safety, and his right? 160
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
 Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed "The
 " Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when,
 contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pre-
 tended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and die, 165
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have sworn
 As false as they, if they did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw? 170
 For Protestant religion vot,
 That did that vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parl'ament,
 In which that swearing made a rent?
 And since, of all the three, not one 175
 Is left in being, 'tis well known,
 Did they not swear, in express words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And after turn'd out the whole houseful
 Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful. 180
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
 Swore all the Commons but o' th' House;
 Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
 Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of dore.
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why 195
Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold. 200
A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, tho' the thing be forg'ry, 205
And false, th' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the Book. 210
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private 215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own priviledge?

Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear
 Their light within 'em) will not swear; 220
 Their Gospel is an Accident,
 By which they construe Conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,
 (The head and founder of their order, 225
 That stirring hats held worse than murder)
 These thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
 In swearing, will not take an oath:
 Like mules, who if they 'ave not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still: 230
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born Consciences may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil;
 For Saints may do the same things by 235
 The Spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do,
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240
 For as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish at sea's exprest;
 So in the Wicked there's no vice
 Of which the Saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245
 The one, in th' other is a sin.

Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
 That ought to be above such fancies, as I learn'd of late
 As far as above Ordinances? 250
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
 And tho', like constables, we search
 For false wares one another's Church;
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No faith is to the Wicked due. 255
 The truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine,

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260
 Those mysteries and revelations;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense;
 Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence;
 Such as the learned Jesuits use;
 And Presbyterians, for excuse 265
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their Churches taken nipping;
 As thus; A breach of Oath is double,
 And either way admits a scruple. 270
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
 More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow;

And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
 Not he that for Convenience took it;
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 As found t' all purposes of troth,
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
 Nay, till they 're broken have no force. 280
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws?
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish;
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
 Until they 're broken, and then touch 285
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good;
 For when they 're set a liberty,
 They 're from th' engagement too set free. 290
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,
 Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295
 Might free him from the obligation:
 And have not two Saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews?
 The court of Conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and soveran, 300
 Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,

And have less power than the lessory,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure;
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder;
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at *vif. franc* pledge;
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eyes-droppers, and nufances;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
 To help itself at a dead lift;
 Why should not Conscience have vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return;
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?
 Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn
 To judge that law that serves their turn?
 Make their own jealousies high-treason,
 And fix 'em whomso'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned Counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear?

Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy,
 And vex 'em into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience. 340
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As Lapland witches bottled air?
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?
 As seamen with the self-same gale,
 Will sev'ral different courses sail;
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds, 350
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So when tyrann'cal usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
 To keep it out, are made defend it.

ψ. 345.—Grudge.] Grutch, in the four first editions.

ψ. 353. So when tyrann'cal.] In the four first editions,
 Altered to tyrannick, in 1700, if not sooner.

Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up witnesses,
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness? 360
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow,
 And where in Conscience they 're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast:
 Do not your Juries give their verdict 365
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
 And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side, as they 're packt?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within dore; 370
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a man no good
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd,
 In other matters, do him hurt, 375
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an Oath makes it,
 Not he that for Convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made? 380
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, tho' they evince the Godly;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a Lord
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insenseless, and just nothing else.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear
That Sinners may supply the place
Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain case
Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need.

As lately 't happen'd: In a town
 There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
 That out of Doctrine could cut Use, 415
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
 'This precious Brother having slain,
 In times of peace, an Indian,
 Not out of malice, but meer zeal,
 (Because he was an Infidel) 420
 The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our Elders an envoy,
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
 Against the articles in force: 425
 Between both Churches, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang, th' offender;
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobble)
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did 435
 Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid:
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd?
 For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in Conscience, not refuse,
From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use :
I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stop'd. 450

Quoth Ralphe, You mistake the matter,
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches 455
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins :
And tho' all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense : 460
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465
Do claw and curry their own itches,
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;

For we must take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'T were properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own. 475

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do :
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt : 480

But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,

As, e'er we part, I shall evince it;
And curry (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.

Canst thou refuse to beat thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art 490

To higgie thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight, an op'lent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?

And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause; 495

Ner shalt thou find him a curmudgin;
 If thou dispatch it without grudging;
 If not, resolve, before we go,
 That you and I must pull a crow.
 Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
 Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
 And Look before you ere you leap;
 For As you sow, ye're like to reap;
 And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
 I should make bold to turn agen;
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so!
 Is't fitting for a man of honour
 To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
 A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear,
 And for the Churches, which may chance,
 From hence, to spring a variance,
 And raise among themselves new scruples,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how in arms and politicks
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
 Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
 And took your Grandees down a peg;
 New-modell'd th' Army, and cashier'd
 All that to Legion Smec adher'd;

Made a meer p'tenfil o' your Church;
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own;
 And when we 'ad done with't pull'd it down;
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
 And snap'd their Canons with a Why-Hot;
 (Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
 For solid face, and depth of beard)
 Their Classique Model prov'd a maggot,
 Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
 And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten,
 On which they 'ad been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a holy chest,
 Grown out of date and obsolete,
 And all the Saints of the first grass,
 As casting soles of Balazim's ass.

At this the Knight grew high in chafe;
 And, staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
 And for so many moons lain by't,
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?

Y. 529. *O'er reach'd.*] In all editions but the two first of 1664, to 1704, inclusive. *Capoch'd* restored in later editions, which signifies *hooded*, or *blindfolded*.
 Y. 543.] This, and the following line, not in the two first editions of 1664. Added 1674.

Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more consid'rabie and handsome;
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart Sect'ry, and a mongrel,
 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
 And, like a maggot in a sore,
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour;
 It never shall be done or said:
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd,
 To draw and stand upon his guard;
 When both were parted on the sudden,
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din;
 Or that some member to be chosen,
 Had got the odds above a thousand;
 And by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful Squire into a fright:
 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal
 Impetuous rancour, to join battel,

Both thought it was the wisest course
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse;
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating. 580
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear,
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
 And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique shew;
 A triumph that, for pomp and state,
 Did proudest Romans emulate:
 For as the Aldermen of Rome
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 (As some, mistaken, write in story)
 Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a carre, and who but they? 600
 And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,

V. 587. *They might distinguish, &c.*] They might discern
 respective noise, in the two first editions of 1664.

V. 596. *Their foes.*] For foes, in all editions to 1704, in-
 clusive.

Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the Borough;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh, 609
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that.
 First, he that led the cavalcade
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610
 On which he bléw as strong a levet,
 As well-see'd lawyer on his brov'ate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 613
 From trebles down to double bass;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forchand stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave; 620
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine, 623
 In windy weather, when they whine.

y. 609, 610.—*Cavalcade*.—*Flagellate*.] In the four first editions. Afterwards altered to; *cavalcade*, *flageller*.

y. 613, 614] These two lines are not in the two first edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.—*like Sweads*.—Altered, 1684, to *Sweads*.

Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
 And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword 635
 He held reverst, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the ramp on't
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastiz'd the reformado-soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd whiffiers, and staffers on foot, 650
 With laequies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago minx,

That was both Madam, and a Don, 655
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire; 660
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now, 665
I ne'er saw so profane a show;
It is a Paganish invention,
Which Heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Rofs, or Cælius Rhodogine, 670
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians:
For as the Roman conqueror, 675
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a slave: 680

ψ. 671.] This, and the following line, not in the two first editions of 1664, but added 1674.

And as the Ancients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their mantles *della guerra*,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here,
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner,
 Next links and torches, heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor :
 And as in antique triumph eggs
 Were borne for myffical intregues ; 690
 There's one in truncheon, like a laddle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695
 For all th' antiquity you smatter
 Is but a riding us'd of course,
 When The grey mare's the better horse ;
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion, 700
 And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under Covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd.

And by the right of war, like gills, I quail to quail;
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense:
 'Tis not the least disparagement
 To be defeated by th' event;
 Not to be beaten by main force;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Altho' his shoulders with battoon
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune. 720

A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day;
 Or to surrender ere the assault;
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success;

And only unto such this shew
 Of horns and petticoats is due: 730
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
 For as ovation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood;
 So men decree those lesser shows
 For vict'ry gotten without blows, 735

By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which Moderns call a Cuckling-stool,
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are led
 The Adriatic sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those
 For whom the state decrees those shows;
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd;
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
 This said, they both advanc'd; and rode
 A dog-trot thro' the bawling crowd
 T' attack the leader, and still press,
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast;
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this dev'l's procession
 With men of orthodox profession?
 'Tis ethnique and idolatrous;
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
 Upon her horned Beast astride,

Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
 A type of her, or she of this?
 Are things of superstitious function;
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
 It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery; 770
 Of running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions;
 To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
 To whom the Saints are so beholden
 Women, who were our first apostles; 775
 Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the Cause might be concern'd;
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols; 780
 Their husbands' cullies, and sweethearts,
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
 Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops wou'd have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785
 With motives powerful and hearty:

[Y. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they call'd it. Mr. James Howell observed, "That
 " unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and
 " country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the
 " chamber-maid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, in-
 " to the common treasury of war. — And some sort of females
 " were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with
 " their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to
 " be molten and set up to be idolized."

Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
 Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for Parliament;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow puddings many a meal:
 Enabled them, with store of meat,
 On controverted points, to eat;
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done; or what left undone,
 That might advance the Cause at London?
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the City for defence in:
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put th' Enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fall'n to their pick-axes, and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the handmaids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee,
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?

y. 807.] *Fall'n*, in the three first editions, *Fell*, edit. 1684.

And do they not as Tryers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd,
With orange-tawny slime, his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smelly,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and sling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;

y. 813. 814.] "The House considered, in the next place,
"that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond
"their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts
"may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady
"Middlesex, Mrs. Dufsch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady
"Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in so-
"diery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the
"business."

Volume I.

U

Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes, 840
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind:
 After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying 845
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs, for action or discourse;
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes; 850
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
 'Twas ill for us we had to do
 With so dishon'rabl a foe:
 For tho' the law of arms doth bar 855
 The use of venom'd shot in war,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath; 860
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush:

ψ. 839.] *Rains*, in the four first editions.

835

But as those poltroons that fling durt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;

840

So all the honour they have won,

865

Or we have lost, is much at one.

845

'Twas well we made so resolute

A brave retreat, without pursuit;

850

For if we had not, we had sped

Much worse, to be in triumph led;

870

Than which the Ancients held no state

Of man's life more unfortunate.

855

But if this bold adventure e'er

Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,

It may, being destin'd to assert

875

Her sex's honour, reach her heart:

And as such homely treats (they say)

860

Portend good fortune, so this may.

Vespasian being daub'd with durt,

Was destin'd to the empire for't;

880

And from a scavenger did come

To be a mighty prince in Rome:

855

And why may not this foul address

Presage in love the same success?

Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,

885

Advance in quest of nearest ponds;

And after (as we first design'd)

860

Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

ψ. 868.—without pursuit.] *T' avoid pursuit*, in the two first editions of 1664.

ψ. 879.] This, and the five following lines, not in the two first editions of 1664. Added in 1674.

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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